

vol.1 no.1 NOV 1994



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the state of hip-hop:
two perspectives

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dream warriors drop
science

ART

the relationship
between
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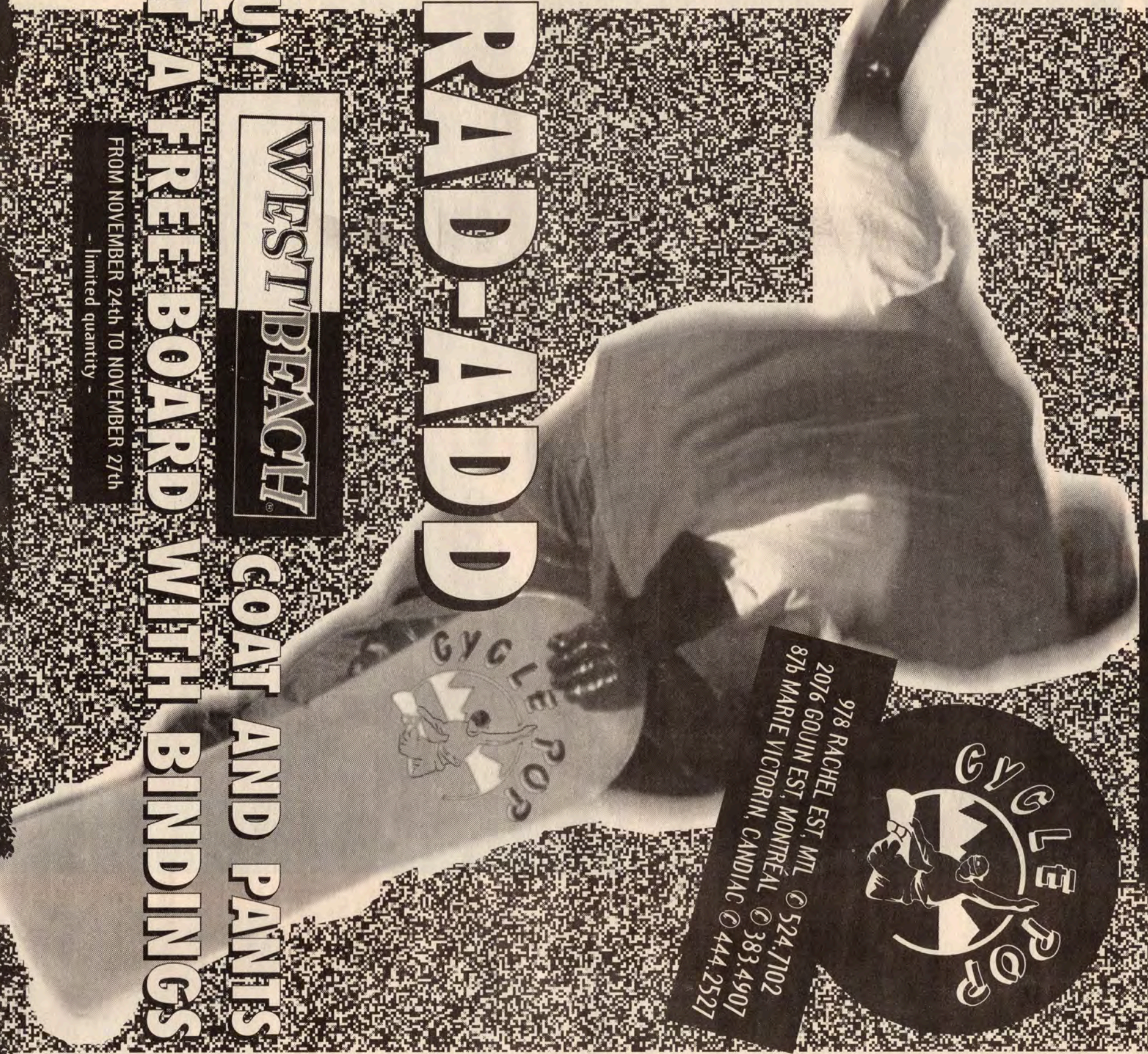
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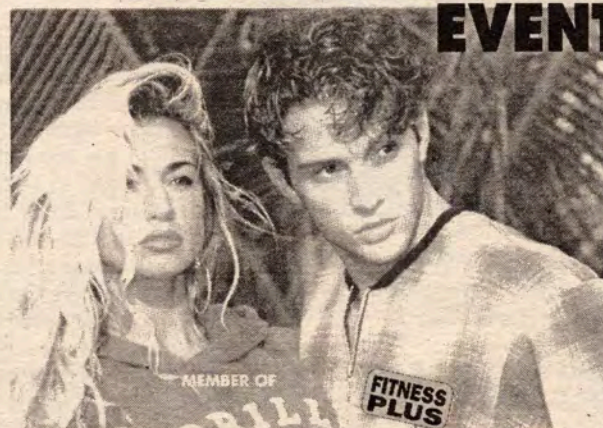


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Report to our readers:

Here you are, Vol. 1, No. 1 of the *Voice of Montreal*; the real thing. In the areas of format and philosophy, there's only slight difference between volume 0 and 1. Content and presentation-wise, new avenues have been explored, which will continue from issue to issue. People suggest that we design the *Voice* along the lines of *Raygun*; not a bad suggestion, a fine publication. Our argument is that we prefer people to read, not struggle. We believe in print, not the end of it. Communication of content with clarity remains priority number one. For this reason, the design guys have created what we hope is a reader-friendly read.

The standard CD "review" section has been expanded to include demos, comics, 7" singles, books and videos. The "Live" section will be diversifying as well, covering events, extravaganzas and music. What we need more than anything is for you to get involved by sending, faxing, mailing, and delivering the questionnaire, on p. 14. Communicate your opinions to us, don't be shy. The *Voice of Montreal* can't be a quality interactive magazine without your help.

Here's some basic info. so we can avoid further confusion about who we are or what we're doing. The *Voice of Montreal* is neither a monthly nor a weekly, it's a bi-weekly. That means we publish once every two weeks, not twice in a single week; that would be insane.

So listen, you're all invited to come down to the Stornaway Gallery on Saturday night to our official launch. It'll be a hoot; Shades of Culture, American Devices, and Laverne will be playing, plus a lot of other neat stuff will be going on and we can all celebrate Montreal's culture as one.

Any letters, demos, 7" singles, complaints, and money can be sent to:

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Until early December, peace

Suroosh Y. Alvi
Editor

cover story

hip-hop: the paradox by manchild

When asked to write this piece, quickly, wisely, yet foolishly, I jumped at the opportunity to speak on the matter from an aspiring artist's, hip-hop lover's, black point of view. To fully understand the depth of hip-hop, one must be aware of its strength as a shaping and defining force for North-American youth; in spite of the fact that there are very few true supporters along with obvious and endless detractors.

The only conclusion that I've come to on this matter is that there is no conclusion. Hip-hop is, in essence, nothing other than a great musical and social paradox within the context of the Western world.

In this piece I'll flip the scripts and begin at the end: working backwards to reveal the beauty and uniqueness of the hip-hop paradox. Making no strict judgements about

them to sell themselves out?

Global male chauvinism permeates the mentalities of the under-class black masses perhaps more than any other group. This phenomenon occurs because the original social order system in the diasporic African communities has been broken down by slavery and colonialism.

The industry has overlooked young girls with raw talent and innovation for those sisters willing to be 'hoes with attitude' and parade unceremoniously naked before the cameras.

Latifah must here be commended. She has maintained longevity despite these pressures. Forced to shallowly adapt and maneuver herself, she has still been able to maintain most of her respect and integrity. Is this not the true spirit of young black women, improvising and innovating to keep her family together through the rough times?

Sadly, while Latifah has had

more intellectually or morally inclined, claim that the word 'nigger' is absolutely negative, derogatory, and degrading. They are closed to the idea

of 'nigger' being anything but bad. However, though they mean well, it seems these minds have, in a certain sense, adopted that 'absolutist view' that is European in nature. Europeans, historically, are forever quick to judge other cultures against their own, which they see as the 'absolute' standard of humanity.

The truer African mind, more deep-rooted in the urban consciousness and not confused by institutionalized forms of thought, sees the word as having general connotations of love and comradeship and consequently has no problem with its usage. The young B-boy has embraced the word and destroyed it in one blow. He speaks it, unconsciously understanding what negatives within him it can represent. He disassociates those categorically negative qualities and so is able to call a politician, a doctor or a policeman a nigger. Through his own grace alone, he ultimately removes its negative connotations: the B-

ing its true strong true nature, many upstarts misinterpret or miss the beauty of an appropriately positioned 'nigger' in the rhyme structure. Unfortunately, this leaves new listeners to the sound and young minds somewhat confused.

OLD SCHOOLERS

Hip-hop has left old schoolers, rappers, d.j.s, producers and dancers in confusion as they try to redefine their images for the new hip-hop mind. Old schoolers have been forced to mutate into young 'niggers' with angry 'for the sake of being angry' attitudes which are totally alien to them.

An example is Dougie Fresh's 'aright' a cry to the older, sometimes more mature to art-form, one based more on creativity and innovation than raw, undirected rage.

Another example of this is Run-DMC. Though this group was always loud and beautifully obnoxious, their new stance seems to be more than a little tainted with a strangely unfocused rebelliousness not present on their classic projects.

Even KRS-1, despite his roughly consistent street-appeal, has been forced to ever-so-slightly maneuver his image around to keep the



its peculiarities but instead presenting the reader with all its strange contradictions, interesting paradoxes and revealing righteousness.

WOMEN IN HIP-HOP:

Despite the successes of MC's such as Queen Latifah, MC Lyte, Yo Yo and the more sensational success of Brat-Hip-hop, women have not yet achieved full expression.

This failure manifests itself in the major success of Salt n' Pepa. Stripped of any real pro-black attitude, these sisters have been neatly (i.e. non-offensively) packaged for young white fascination and consumption. Salt n' Pepa have adopted European notions of 'pure expressive sensuality', which are nothing but a thinly veiled flight in sex appeal. The message is that for a black women to be heard, she must undress herself for all the world to see. Sadly, TLC seems eager to follow this path. It seems that these artists have been forced to resort to 'shock value' attempts at gaining attention in the industry.

Women in hip-hop have had their forceful voices weakened. MC Lyte screams for dicks and roughnecks when before she easily admonished men for their weaknesses and complimented them on their positive strengths.

It seems that women in hip-hop have been forever struggling for identity. In trying to gain attention, they've gone to the extremes of expression; from very strong African women (such as the Latifah of the past), to slut-like ho's (Salt n' Pepa), to angry screaming roughnecks (MC Lyte now).

Have these women chosen their own paths, or have the pressures of records-label execs responding to western male chauvinism forced

reasonable success in other ventures (acting and business), she has not had the record sales that she so rightly deserves.

The contradiction here? Hip-hop tells its women to stand up for themselves, but at the same time puts them in Daisy Dukes and g-



strings, or transforms them into screaming female 'roughnecks' who imitate their men.

THE WORD "NIGGER" & HIP-HOP: SELF-HATE OR SELF-LOVE?

Over the last three years, the word nigger has surfaced in hip-hop and taken focus to the dismay of some and to the open-arms of others.

Some, usually those supposedly

boy wins.

Thus, the very negative aspects of the word becomes positive. A ghetto youth must, in some stage of progression, understand himself as a 'nigger' and a person that the system will never truly respect. The reason for this is that the system was not created for him.

Once this understanding has been reached, he wrestles with learning to love what is black or 'niggery' about himself. He learns to love his differences and becomes well-acquainted with them.

The 'negro' mind — those who hate 'nigger' — are still fighting to come to terms with not being the same as 'the man'. Because 'the man' has such political and economic power over the masses, they believe that to rise up is to gain everything that the white man has, though in fact what he has might be hideous.

Modern hip-hop says 'no' to this and teaches the 'nigger' to love the crudeness about himself, and to see that

crudeness not as crudeness, but as a higher beauty that has been smothered for too long by the blankets of white supremacy. Interestingly enough, hip-hop is not even aware of its own leaps and bounds into black self-pride; and here lies hip-hop's innocent loveliness and liveliness.

In clinging to 'nigger', the b-boy, the young black man, clings to himself. However, because hip-hop's lack of knowledge concern-

younger, upcoming generations interested in him. His unapologetic, pro-black, pro-human appeal has now been transformed into a pure, though more vague, pro-hip-hop appeal. He even uses the inherently self-contradictory generalization that black life is hip-hop, and hip-hop is black life, which doesn't hold true for all levels of black hip-hoppers (consider college niggers vs. ghetto niggers). Grandmaster Flash, when he appeared on Arsenio, seemed heartfully alien, but his message went over the ears of hip-hop's new redefining.

Hip-hop has now joined the ranks of music and art which have become increasingly fascinated with their origins, resulting in hip-hop own retro era.

While many groups have beaten the 'back in the days' concept to death (whether out of admirations or for reasons of finance), hip-hop's fascination with its infantile stages of development also indicates that it has evolved and grown as a music. It can now, like a conscious teen who remembers playing hopscotch or doubledutch, remembers its own past.

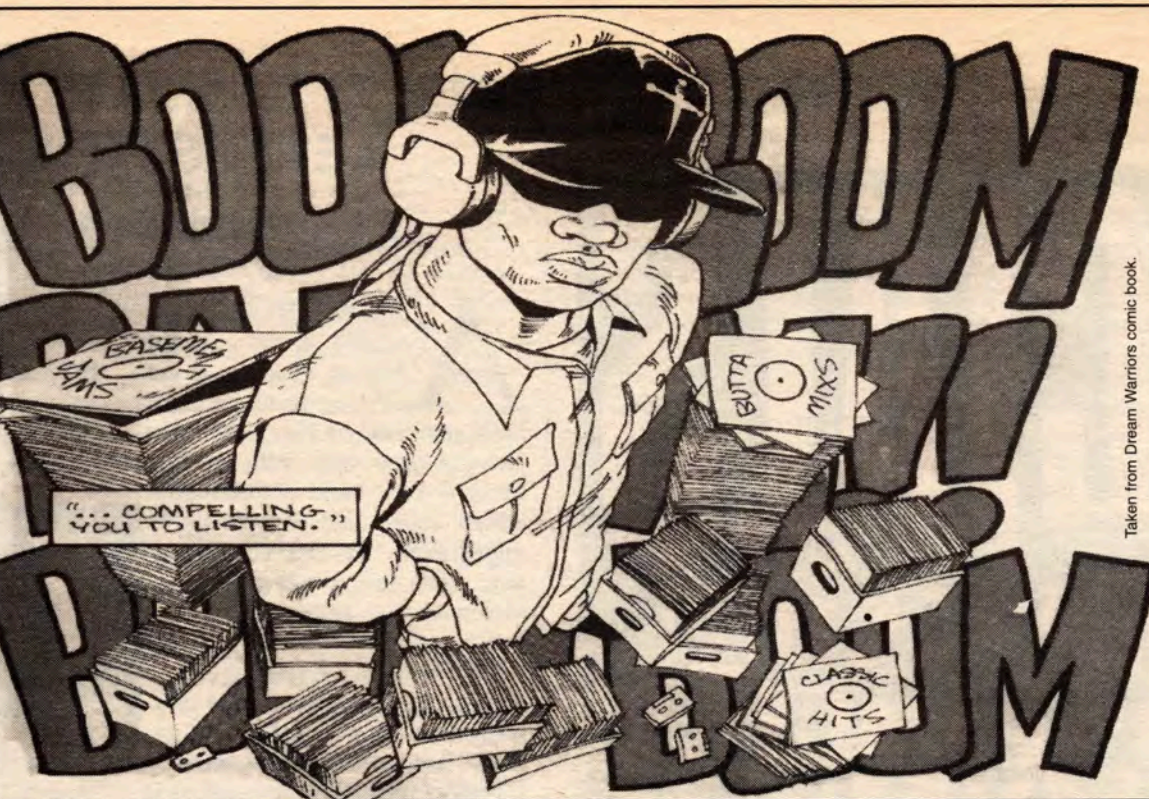
This, however, has been grossly overdone, as in the example of West-Coast G-funk groups, who have used seventies dress and pimp styles to fuel their sensationalization.

In fact, the West-Coast approach (Snoop, Dre, MC Eiht, Scarface, QDIII, Tupac, Spice-I) is entirely old school in that real technical rhyming skill is spared, in order to allow the feel of the music to dominate. Many unfortunate groups superficially tap into the beauty of the era, concerning themselves more with its aesthetics and misunderstanding its positive rebelliousness.

However, the search for supposed realism on the East coast has caused older acts with a more solid repertoire, such as Public Enemy and Jungle Brothers, to be overlooked because they don't have a Souls of Mischief Flow or an Onyx mentality.

ALTERNATIVE HIP-HOP: Arrested Development, P.M. Dawn, etc...

Alternative hip-hop is a paradox within itself. Its creativity kindles innovation in the minds of the young and dares them to dream. Does hip-hop snap-back and eat alive multi-platinum artists because they think too creatively, or because present definitions of hip-hop hold no space for groups such as Arrested Development and P.M. Dawn? Are young hip-hoppers scared to think too much or are they just wary of those who may be 'fakin the funk' and trying to snatch hip-hop from them, their last and most prized possession. Alternative groups, because of their clear and often immediate appeal to white audiences, can be perceived as a threat to hip-hop's unapologetic declarations of its ghetto-ness by its ghetto originators—those acclama-



Taken from Dream Warriors comic book.

tions being negative or positive.

'P.M. Dawn can suck my dick'. Is this a cry for the 'real music', or a fear of moving hip-hop into areas unknown? At the same time, do these groups effectively express

their intended ideas, or get caught up in the way the message is dressed and 'artified' for the people?

Tribe Called Quest seems to represent an enigmatic balance between the two worlds.

Harnessing their creativity, they direct it through their general texture and feel, rather than dreadlocks and knit cloth that others may choose to wear.

They've been able to balance

cover story
record sales with underground credibility; white or commercial appeal with street knowledge; alternating between 'main-streamness', 'pro-blackness', and 'niggerness'.

Tribe Called Quest has also combined these attributes both consciously and unconsciously in their sound and thus are different and refreshing while remaining warm and familiar.

Best of all, Tribe Called Quest seems to be innocently unaware of all of this. The spirit of familiarity and difference in their music is very important because it allows them to sound as if they're having fun for fun's sake, while still understanding the deeper purpose of their music.

This approach may represent the critical and optimal balance young blacks must attain in order to struggle against oppression, without becoming embittered by its cruelties; to learn to master oneself without taking oneself too seriously and missing the beauty of life.

The struggle against oppression must be produced in the understanding that the enjoyment of life and music, for their own sake, is the ultimate end.



TOO WHITE FOR WORDS

BY CATHLEEN SKIDMORE

I finally got the foot, shift thing right when a bolt charged the weight of my entire body into a grinding halt. My otherwise suave salsa partner crashed into me. The collision only punctuated the moment. I suddenly became aware that the song we were dancing to was warning the (male) listener to avoid white girls. "blanca tu eres mala...". I politely excused myself and watched while other vacationing white women danced with carefree abandon.

In one musical moment I felt guilty of a privileged position where I didn't question anything outside of my ordered universe and the larger political implications of my actions.

As a party over here kind of guy, my boyfriend didn't find anything wrong with men engaged in prostitution, regardless of reasons like economic impotence. I felt thrust into that scary place where there's no turning back, between awakening and responsibility.

Back home rap and hip-hop is reinventing itself and getting hard. Largely publicized by censorship debates, criminal and obscenity charges, the music has a real cross over appeal. Inspired by the early dj's like Grandmaster Flash and the Furious Five and Africa Bambaata, hip-hop can unite and conquer. With rock bass lines, tv sit com theme songs, Latin rhythms all cut up and mixed with street speak, sounds come from everywhere creating a collective pop culture. Seeing Steven Tyler kick with Run-DMC brought my personal history to a new age.

Now, thanks to some shrewd marketing, hip-hop is huge. And, as with any successful commodity, the risk of homogeneity hangs like a cheap suit. B-girl fashion has been strutted down Paris runways, potentially as annoying and frustrating economically to the girls who originated it as animal print becoming a mall-motif was to the punks. But unlike the punk era whose music spawned the more commercially palatable New Wave, hip-hop is largely owned by hard gangsta rappers. Now buckle up your gummies kids cause we're hip wading in some murky waters.

B-boys have reached a fashionable status and a lot of privileged white girls seem to want one on their arm where they might have once wanted a Gucci bag. Is this cool-by-extension fashion accessory due to the explosive visibility of rappers (and as such, all black men), or is it a desire to abandon racial neutrality and get in on some of that black community feeling? It becomes a chicken and egg thing. Is it a racist media sensationalizing gangsta violence and helping turn the hype into cold cash (i.e. power and status) or is it the consumer whose buying power and tastes dictate the direction of the genre?

Saturating sights and sounds of violence and rage sells (especially when its happening in someone else's back yard). More positive messages sent by artists like Queen Latifah seem to get lost in a sea of dissin' black females.

Shortly after Me'Shell Ndege O'Cello played here one white girl said to me "I really like her music but she's so racist". Had she listened to *Soul On Ice*? Black men pursuing white women who become a sort of trophy for validation in dominant white culture is an old idea. And now a reverse seems to be happening with white girls seeking black men for their acquisition of up-to-the-minute cool.

It's a tricky business and it would be a mistake to assume that all mixed couples have a hidden agenda. This is only one inconclusive view of a very complex issue. A lot of social taboos have been lifted but the potential for more insidious racism is nipping at our collective nose like Jack Frost. I don't think there is anything particularly evil about sexual objectification but to objectify an entire ethnicity based on some racist beliefs of sexuality, exoticism, or any other presumption is a leap back into the abyss.

With so many accessible education avenues particularly in the history and lyrics of hip-hop, there is no convincing excuse to perpetuate racism under the guise of tolerance or fashion. Beware not to just Bewear. But of course, to paraphrase Salt n' Pepa, if you want to take a guy home with you tonight it's none of my business.

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LET THE FUNK FLOW

DAS EFX / PMD
Le Dome November 10, 1994
Front Row Productions

After the 250 or so fans waited in the cold for half an hour they were allowed in to see DAS EFX and PMD on Nov. 10th. The show began late with a well M.C.'d five band introduction which culminated in two quick appearances by the headlining acts. The sound was shitty, the sets were too short and it was badly organized.

When are the sound engineers and lighting guys going to be able to handle hip-hop and re-design the infrastructure to accommodate it? The music was so muffled it sounded like a group of angry teenagers stuck in a giant orange, coupled with repeated blasts of blinding white light. This environment would be cool if Ozzy was dropping his 30 foot bat cape but when Parrish Smith is dropping a 30 foot dope beat, the 2000 watt strobe light is more likely to bust a seizure than bust a move.

The bands shone through the shit however and blew the crowd away with quick but effective sets

that included D.J. M.D. (of PMD) scratching with his nose. DAS EFX came back on during PMD's set and they did their infamous "cummin' at 'cha" jam which sounded much stronger without



the retarded dronings of Erick Sermon (the "E" from PMD's former band EPMD).

The environment was shitty because whitey designed it but hip-hop culture shone through to make the show more than bearable.

I saw the Dream Warriors there and was going to talk to them about all this but King Lu was asleep and I didn't feel like waking him.

—Gavin McInnes

THE EVOLUTION OF BOB

Sugar, Magnapop
Metropolis, Nov. 10, '94
Greenland, DKD

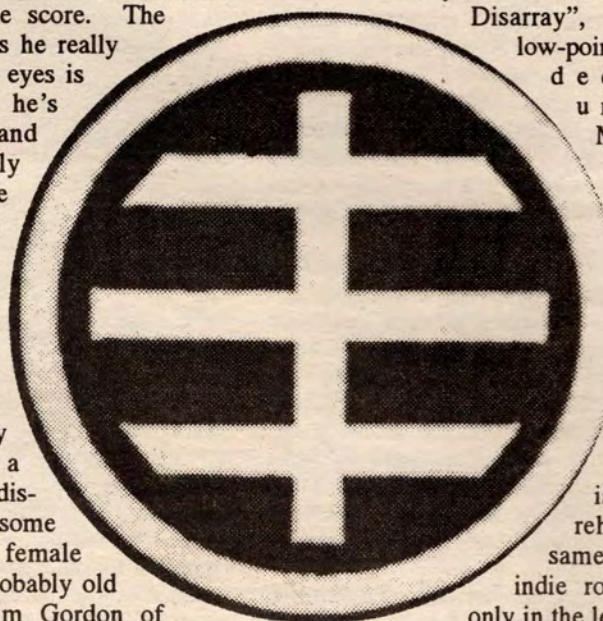
Although having Sugar play at the cavernous Metropolis wasn't a red-hot tip, the sparse attendance (had to do with the exorbitant twenty buck cover perhaps?) didn't seem to get Bob Mould's goat. Mould is back in attack - as happily pudgy as ever, and sweating profusely at the slightest motion, Mould knows the score. The only times he really opens his eyes is when he's angry, and the only time he seemed angry last night was when they played "Granny Cool", a scathing dismissal of some older female rocker (probably old buddy Kim Gordon of S.Youth).

Many in the audience had the Husker crave (and the handlebar yearn), but Mould didn't deliver the old-school punk. He did however play songs from his growing repertoire of Sugar smash-hits, exhibiting a masterful display of befuddled-yet-

exacting guitar power. Starting the show with Gift, and ending with "Explode and Make Up" from the new one, *File Under: Easy Listening*, Mould returned for two encores (during the first, some crackhead's clown-in' around caused hundreds of *Voice* handbills to explode into the air).

The evenings highlight had to be "Acrylic Chromosomes in Disarray", while the low-point being the decidedly unsuave Magnapop, who apparently have some Scottish connection, but no one can remember what it is. They rehashed the same old lame indie rock, unique only in the lead singer's suspiciously similar looks to Mould in a sad attempt at drag. If you can comprehend the concept of the Soulful Bachelor, then yer in deep with Sugar, who provide fun clueage into understanding the kooky sadness of it all.

—Adam Gollner





COWS

Orphan's Tragedy (Amphetamine Reptile)
The Cows should be hailed and feared by all the heathens who have yet to pay them their dues. In a time when bands suffer from derivation disease, the Cows continue to evolve. *Orphan's Tragedy* is Vol. 6 of their manifesto; a well-executed coup d'état on the contrived state of indie rock. Shannon Selberg's demented yet self-incriminating lyrics, his bruised bugle, and inverted singing coupled with Thor Eisentrager's silly-stringesque licks and empowering chops lead the aural assassination. Backbone is provided by the Norm/Rutmanis solid-state rhythm section, and bound together with Iain Burgess' production the result is blisteringly tight. The Cows rule...buy this album now...or forever hold your peace.

—Suroosh Y. Alvi

WAXMAN

Angel (demo)

Waxman is mostly the work of singer/guitarist Chantale Doyle who, excepting one acoustic piece with Mile. Auf der Maur, wrote and recorded all songs on this four-track demo. Though this solo-like effort (sparsely accompanied by various other members/players) is itself quite impressive, Waxman's songs are rather bland and lengthy - the guitar playing only mediocre, the singing somewhat insecure. But the dry and shy seem to lend a drab intensity - a drained, dreary, post-traumatic passion to the band's sound. There's a haunting tenderness in the whining cello on "Roses", a desperate fervour in "Prologue"'s shaky little voice. A better mood-setter than songwriter, Doyle ain't no PJ Harvey. The truth is, Waxman feels more than it sounds.

For more info, write to: WAXMAN P.O. Box 42033, Mtl, PQ, H2W 2T3

—Ilana Kronick

GIRLS AGAINST BOYS

Cruise Yourself (Touch and Go)

THE FALL

Middle Class Revolt (Matador)

From the very first song, as they spin a mantra with the line, "We're into the trance thing," Girls Against Boys paraphrase a manifesto The Fall themselves declared more than a decade and a half ago: "We dig repetition." Staggering a dodgy line between paying homage and merely parroting, the Girls' debt to The Fall runs deep. Were song structure, vocal phrasing and intentional obscuration patentable, they'd be handing over all royalties to The Fall. And like a schizoid personality fighting for its identity, you can even hear a muffled "Kill The Fall" as the song "Kill The Sexplayer" lists its victims.

Still, Girls Against Boys have come up with one of the all-time coolest Fall albums. But no one does The Fall like The Fall, and while *Cruise Yourself* is an excellent take on The Fall of the '80s, *Middle Class Revolt* is the vital issue of the present-day, real thing. Stephen Hanley's monstrous bass easily crushes the two employed by Girls Against Boys, while Mark E. Smith's delivery and style remain unparalleled and in top form. After a couple of disappointing outings, it would seem that The Fall have taken it upon themselves to betray groups like Pavement

and Girls Against Boys as the pretenders to the throne that they are. Long live the Fall. —dickbird

MELVINS

Stoner Witch (Atlantic)

The Melvins write songs that bring the world together—music for the masses, molten pre-Seattle sludge for punks, metal-fiends and indie rockers across the globe. *Stoner Witch* is no giant departure from *Houdini*, their Atlantic debut, and sounds MUCH less like a three-speed vacuum cleaner than *Prick*, this summer's AmRep offering. It may slow down in places, but only long enough to let you get back on your feet so it can knock you right back down on your ass. This is why they call them power trios, kids.

—Harris Newman

EVERCLEAR

World of Noise (T/K/Capitol)

Welcome to Seattle. We're stuck in a deep, deep rut. The whole city. Sometimes we run up one side and we sound like Eddie Vedder & the Boys (see "Fire Maple Song"). Then we bounce off the other side and sound like that other big band, the one with the left-handed guy who died (see "Nervous & Weird"). Sad, huh? Help us.

—Mark N. Lazar

and take you for an afternoon spin down "Lincoln Drive" before pickin' up on the anti-violence and funky political tips thereafter ("Mutiny", "Rumblefish", "Times Runnin' Up"), even though they've lost their most brutal MC. Produced by the band and Butcher Brother Joe Nicolo (Cypress Hill, Schoolly D), and featuring an extreme interpretation of "Cosmic Slop" via the Bad Brains posse on "Idiot Business", *No Goats...* is a loaded word to the mutha in Hip Hop '94.

—Twister

ASS PONYS

Electric Rock Music (A&M)

I'll face up to it: This is easily the best country-rock album I've heard in years. For one thing, the song-writing is superb; the tunes glow like a power tube in a healthy Fender amp, and what could be better than that? But it isn't normal: far from it, in fact, with stories about deformed children, weird relatives, and sick sexuality. It is beautiful, though, resounding with echoes of Gram Parsons and '70s pop and late-'80s noise (particularly the Flaming Lips) all at the same time. It's a dazzling blend—gorgeous tunes with singalong cho-

review

bugle boys the Cows shoving some hard "Sugar Torch", or Janitor Joe's "Boys in Blue", featuring the bass work of the late Kristen Pfaff) to newer schoolies like Today Is the Day blowing our minds with "6 Dementia Satyr". Most of the stuff on here will never be shown on video channels, either due to graininess or because the bands might be too obscure for mass consumption—but if you need a fix of visuals for those festive nights of living room table-dancing, come meet your VHS dance partner.

—Twister

SPECTRUM ILLUSTRATED #1

UV Publications

Spectrum Illustrated is an impressive-looking new magazine-sized comic book by locals Bradley Doucet and James Lemay. This first "Special Spooky Issue" features a number of short pieces as well as a short text story. The art is really sharp, the entirely self-taught Lemay has a clean, slick style and a deft handling of the visual language of comics. While I personally don't get much of a charge out of mainstream type comics, I have no reservations about his skill. The stories themselves are pretty silly horror/humour pieces that look good but don't really go anywhere, little more than excuses to show off Lemay's talent for drawing sexy women. Don't let the "adults only" label fool you porn/erotica connoisseurs ("Who, me?") out there. Four flashes of titties and numerous cheesy outfits (lace, g-strings, etc.) and lascivious poses is all ya get. This comic falls between alternative/underground and mainstream in the aesthetic sensibilities that it draws upon, stylistically leaning toward the latter. The next issue's theme (each issue will have a different theme) is law enforcement, so hopefully there will be some evolution between now and then, because both Doucet and Lemay are obviously comfortable with the medium and have the potential to do something more original.

—Jamie Salomon

PIZZICATO FIVE

Made in USA (Matador)

SPACE STREAKINGS

7-Toku (Skin Graft)

When Japan's hottest musical export appears on America's coolest label, the potential for fun is at its apex. Strangely, Pizzicato Five come up short; at times little more than an Asian Deee-Lite trapped in the '60s. *Made in USA* has its kitschy moments, but there's simply not enough substance beneath all the style. For every '60s-style burner like "Twiggy vs. James Bond" are yawners like "Sweet Soul Revue". The Five will do well, however; as Nomiya sings (albeit in Japanese) on "I", 'I am loved because I am cute.' And Pizzicato Five are nothing if not cute.

Happily, another Japanese band, Space Streakings, deliver all the goods on their most recent release, *7-Toku*. Once and best described as "a living, breathing, sugar-crazed Nintendo Machine on overdrive". Space Streakings combine the insanity of The Boredoms with the manic intensity of groups like I Refuse It and Impact from Italy's mid-'80s hardcore explosion. Only on "Zurineta" do things break down entirely into delirious noise, but that song comes with a warning - (Never Listen: For DiscoAttacker Only!) - so you've no one to blame but yourself. Potentially annoying after repeated listens, *7-Toku*'s frenetic mix of guitars, horns, sequencers, screams and scratchings nevertheless offer a welcome respite from the current state of 'alternative' music.

—dickbird



ruses and strange trash culture lyrics sung in an oddly comforting squeak. Don't ask questions—when you find yourself alone, absently singing "He says 'Don't call me Little Bastard/call me Snake,'" or "Earth to Grandma/What the hell is that?" you'll understand. Do not miss this record.

—Mark N. Lazar

V/A

Dhol II Dhol (Kiss/Roma Music Bank)

If it doesn't encompass a strong blend of exhilarating beats of the dhol and tumbi then it isn't bhangra music, at least in its literal sense. *DHOL II DHOL* is an album comprised of six singles, each sung by a member of a different punjabi band and is produced by three different DJs. A multi-talented ensemble - but does "multi-talentedness" translate into good music? This album is an example that it does NOT. If you're in the mood to listen to hard-core bhangra music, you will stop listening after the first two songs. The other songs are geared towards easy-listening and with a title like *DHOL II DHOL*, they just don't belong here. So, when you pick up this album and read "6 Dhol Blasting Dance Trax", don't let the title fool you.

—Mandip Panesar

GAS HUFFER

One Inch Masters (Epitaph/Cargo)

Maybe I'm getting too old for this shit, but all of these "cool bands" sound the same to me. Pseudo-heavy music combined with boring melodic vocals that seem just dying to be sucked up and spat out as the next big thing. This music sounds like it was designed in a laboratory/boardroom, each ingredient tested for maximum acceptance among the "contained rebellion market." You know exactly what it's gonna sound like and you'll probably like it if you read this newspaper. It's not so much that it's bad music in the sense that something like Pearl Jam is bad, it's just that it's so derivative. Sure the tunes are "catchy", sure they write "nice" melodies, etc. etc., but is that it? Is this considered to be the punk music of the nineties? Yeesh.

—Jamie Salomon

GOATS

No Goats, No Glory (Ruffhouse/Columbia)

Those atypical Americans are back with a solid second slab of jazzy beats, horny horns, roughed-up rhythms, and a freak flag still held high. Starting the day (and album) with nouveau hemp anthems like "Wake 'N' Bake" and "The Boom", this Philly-based multi-racial crew phuck you up



The Means of the Warriors' Dreams

By Harris Newman

It was 1991 when *And Now the Legacy Begins* put the Dream Warriors smack dab in the middle

we've done on this album — taken two steps back in order to actually celebrate hip-hop, celebrate all the music that inspired us and to celebrate all the views that inspired us. Now I think we're prepared to make the next step to the third level, which will be the third album.

As for arriving at the next

album is called 'Are We There Yet?' We're asking that same question, are we getting there? At the same time, it refers to the state of man, is

man kind there yet. Everything we do is about looking into yourself instead of looking outwards. That's why we make sure we're always four individuals within a collective."

While their first release bounced around all sorts of fun and novel topics, they've made a conscious effort to bring serious issues into the context of *Subliminal Simulation*. Lu is aware of the importance of having their message heard:

"I think the first album showed a lot of us reaching out from reality and into fantasy, going to another place to find comfort. The new album has us reaching back into reality. I think we've definitely put our feet back on planet Earth, but our hands are

of the international hip-hop scene. A certified gold record, a juno and wads o' critical acclaim later, they have returned with some new faces, new ideas, a new logo, and most importantly, some of the freshest new beats this side of L.A.

The original warriors King Lu (the Philosopher) and Q (the Unknown) are now officially paired with DJ Luv (the Enforcer) and Montreal native Spek (the Traveller), who joined last fall. The alter egos are all part of their new view of the hip-hop spectrum, each identity symbolizing an element of their personas.

This time around, they've compiled their dreams under the title *Subliminal Simulation*. Chocked full of seventeen slick tracks, some beat poetry and contributions by Gang Starr, Digable Planet's Butterfly, Billy Bryans and Siyakha, their sophomore release proves that the Warriors have reached the next level. King Lu explains the new direction:

"It's four heads working in conjunction. We all felt that in order to step forward, we all had to take two steps back and recognize our past. So many people try and throw away their past in order to create something new. I feel you should celebrate your past in order to create new things. That's what

ence, future experiences, but I don't think that can be easily determined. Experience is not something you can put down on paper, it's not tangible. That's why the first song on the

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Lu - "They dub me the Philosopher, the big mouth of the crew, the man that likes to analyse, to look into things, to think backwards and think forwards before I step into things."

still in the sky. That's why the new album has things much more up front, so you can decipher what we're saying."

There's also the icons, the symbols that each member has chosen to represent themselves:

Q - "My icon is 'Q', and it's two chain links, which represents solidity, strength — it means no weaklings within the group, no dingbats allowed. Everything is taken care of, we do what we got to do, and it stays tight. Nobody can come and poke Spek or me or Lu or Luv, because we know what we want, and we're all out to fulfill our dream."

Luv - "I'm the Enforcer, and the sword represents me. I'm a DJ — since CD took over wax now, I'm cryin', but I have another dream where I want to be one of the best producers in the world. So I'm doing my best and working hard every day to come up with the phattest beats possible. The sword represents my slicing records, and I'm still slicing records."

Lu - "They dub me the Philosopher, the big mouth of the crew, the man that likes to analyse, to look into things, to think backwards and think forwards before I step into things. I think, for me, I've always been a person who thought about things before I did them. I look at systems, and I find out how to break them, how to break those stereotypes that confine the group."

Spek - "We have these

things, the Traveller, the Unknown, the Philosopher, and these are things that we feel are connected to us, we're not trying to say we are the philosophers or travellers of the world, but we do feel that we've set a certain path in life. Everybody likes to categorize, so before someone sticks a category on me, I'm going to state what I feel is my calling in life. And I feel my calling is as a traveller. I could say that physically I've been travelling for years between Montreal and Toronto doing this shit, day in and day out. Spiritually, I'm always searching for destinations and answers that I know I may never find. So until I end my search, my travels continue while I journey on. I might never stop travelling, physically or mentally."

As for the other elements of *Subliminal Simulation*, Spek knows for certain that the Dream Warriors have always been on point:

"Subliminal messages tie into everything we're all about. Dream Warriors have had subliminal messages since the first album. All you have to do is listen to 'My Definition', you know, a "this line is subliminal / you don't think so."

The Dream Warriors are now preparing for their next trial by ordeal as they organize tour plans. Expect a Montreal gig in the first weeks of December, and if you want tour dates, merchandise or any other information, the Warriors strongly suggest you send them subliminal messages at:

P.O. Box 344, 1740 Kingston Road, Pickering, Ontario, L1V 2R6

"I think we've definitely put our feet back on planet Earth, but our hands are still in the sky."

— King Lu the Philosopher

interview

art and War

BY DANIELLA JOVANOVIĆ
AND ANDREA POPADIC

The national character and basic feelings of a people are expressed in their art. When artistic expression is repressed, a nation can lose its identity and hope for the future. In times of war, the production of art is seriously undermined. The death toll and physical destruction are undeniably the primary effects of war. Nevertheless, culture suffers as well, and culture represents the soul of a people.

Art is a powerful and emotional form of expression, which submerges easily into the recesses of our collective memory. Artistic works can deliver compelling messages, continually reminding us of war's inherent savagery. Pablo Picasso's "Guernica", for example, remains a permanent part of our cultural heritage. Created in 1937, this painting poignantly illustrates the brutal bombing of a Spanish town during the 1930's. Moved by the massive destruction and terrible suffering, Picasso created a work which forever points to man's inhumanity unto itself.

The question of war also emerges in "Prometheus Cycle" - a painting created in 1990. The artist, Sarajevo born Marina Gavanski, was inspired by the political instability plaguing Yugoslavia. Her painting symbolically depicts the cycle of war reappearing in the Balkans.

"Prometheus Cycle" was painted prior to the outbreak of hostilities, and is a premonition of the impending bloodshed. Done in oil colours and charcoals, the painting completes a series illustrating the theme of war. The predominantly black and white canvas measures 6 ft. by 6 ft., and is symmetrically proportioned.

Borrowing from Greek mythology, the painting portrays both Prometheus and his evil twin. Their outstretched arms form a broken-circle motif, denoting a conflict between the two protagonists. Since both men are painted identically, it is impossible to distinguish the good brother from the evil one. Consequently, the two men merge into one entity, signifying actual human experience. Humanity is complex; the aver-

age person is capable of committing both wicked and benevolent acts. Evoking the endless cycle of good and evil, the painting's broken sphere symbolically represents the dichotomy we all share as human beings.

Of Bosnian Serb origin, Marina Gavanski immigrated to Canada when she was seven years old. She later temporarily returned to Yugoslavia, and studied fine art at the University of Belgrade. Influenced by artists such as Francis Bacon and Edvard Munch, her painting style is noticeably expressionist and also reflects elements of Classical Greek art.

As a Canadian artist now residing in Montreal, Marina has participated in various exhibits around the country. Her paintings have been displayed at the Robson Square Media Center in Vancouver. The Art Sales & Rental Gallery (affiliated with the Montreal Museum of Fine Art) has also shown her work. Her last important exhibition was at "Les Femmeuses '92", where she presented paintings dating from before the war. Although Marina has lived here since childhood, her artistic career has been profoundly influenced by the Bosnian armed conflict.

Marina visited Yugoslavia numerous times before the war unleashed its terrible destruction. A witness to the increasing political upheaval, she created a series of paintings pertaining to nationalism and war. Beginning with "Echoes of Giants"



and ending with "Prometheus Cycle", the series warns of the approaching disaster. "Time of Injustice" also belongs to this collection, and depicts a man with hands tied behind his back.

According to Marina, the image is characteristic of every war, and thereby indicates, "All times are a time of injustice for one group or another."

While these paintings tackle the idea of war in general, they were inspired by the calamity afflicting Marina's native country. Many relatives and close friends are still in Bosnia, and the artist constantly worries about their safety.

When thinking about loved ones, Marina often wonders why the suffering of Bosnian Serbs is rarely reported. Personally affected by the Balkan war, she is appalled by both the senseless slaughter and the sensationalistic news coverage. Bloodied images are shown just to boost TV news ratings, and according to Marina, "the media abuses the human tragedy." Traumatized by the tragic events, Marina has not painted a single picture in two years. She ceased producing visual works, when the bloodshed in Yugoslavia became inevitable.

Powerful emotions, provoked by the war, have overwhelmed the artist. This ultimately affects her work, as painting is an emotional medium for Marina. Unable to confront these strong feelings, she therefore had to stop painting. Painting is a special world that protects and nurtures her, yet remains inaccessible due to demands imposed by the real world. She is constantly reminded of the war, and has subsequently helped raise money for humanitarian aid, through various charity drives.

In order to express herself creatively, Marina has turned to writing over the past two years. Writing is a more rational medium, where she can avoid intense emotions. Since many previous paintings incorporated words and text, Marina discovered writing to be a natural transition. She has composed countless poems inspired by the war, and hopes to publish them one day.

Despite the solace poetry has provided, the Sarajevo born artist longs to paint again. Painting is of fundamental importance to Marina, and its absence produces a spiritual void. She is not alone, as various artists within Yugoslavia are plagued by the inability to create. According to Lina Vuskovic, a Belgrade feminist and peace activist, many writers bear psychological scars stemming from the war.

The often talked about "ethnic cleansing", a term coined in the Yugoslav conflict, overshadows the less tangible act of "spiritual cleansing". However, not all artists suffer from this inability to create. Instead of deadening creative impulses, the war can stimulate many individuals. For example, the playwrights, Dusan Kovakovic and Alexander Popovic, have written satirical plays which parody their country's popular politicians. Actively involved in the peace movement, Belgrade photographer Coranka Matic has also produced numerous works. Due to the war's influence, the style of her photographs has become more documentary-like.

Yugoslavia's artists must struggle with both a personal and a national identity crisis within

(continued on p 12)



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Queer flicks

BY KATE KUNG

The lull in the filmgoers pursuits is about to be dispelled. The big, the bad and beautiful in queer imagemaking is set to blow into town.

This year's Image et Nation Gay and Lesbian cinema and video festival is kicking up a ten day blitz. In its 7th year, festival organizers Diffusions Gaies et Lesbiennes du Québec (DGLQ) have put together an outstanding program of 200 films and videos which examine political minefields, the formation of identities and communities, and love and desire within the queer imaginary. The wide-ranging themes include everything from transgendered experience and racial identity, to health issues and gay children taking care of their ailing parents.

"The programme this year reflects how diverse the gay and lesbian filmmaking is right now, from raunchy S & M to coming out and dealing with families," said women's programmer Elana Wright. "People who are into art films will find something and people who are in the process of coming out can figure out what gay and lesbian culture is all about."

The international line-up features some real coups including the new wave of Japanese gay features (Muscle and A Touch of Fever), Russian film (100 Days Before the Command), the annual Derek Jarman gem (Glitterbug), and the Quebec premiere of Rose Troche's Go Fish, the lesbian dramatic feature length film lauded at the Berlin Film Festival and Sundance.

"There's a lot being produced which is not getting integrated or brought into mainstream festivals," said men's programmer Vinnie Dilio. Lesbian and gay film festivals act as "launchpads" for international exposure as in the case of Troche's Go Fish, "distributors see that there's an audience and pick up the film."

Another prominent addition to this year's line-up is a fitting homage to Marlon Riggs whose work celebrates black, gay identity and has fostered other film and videomakers to explore identity within the African diaspora, homophobia and racism, and the white colonialist gaze on the Black, gay body. Anthem, a poetic vision of a new America and Affirmations, a documentary about the first contingent of lesbians and gays marching in the Afro-American festival in Harlem are both featured along with works by artists (such as Isaac Julien) who have been influenced by Riggs.

The aptly titled Image et Nation reveals some relevant issues beyond its clever wordplay. According to Wright, the festival "is a chance for us to see what's happening internationally."

"The line-up shows the diversity of the gay filmmaking community - we're not just making one type of film," agreed Dilio. "It's important for gays and lesbians to know what's being made, to see great film about themselves."

As the development of a cinematic space for queer filmmaking progresses, the usual criticism which targets events celebrating an identi-

ty-based focus revolve around the issue of mainstream credibility. The line from those within the community is that these cultural events threaten to further marginalize gays and lesbians, and in particular queer filmmaking.

"A community that has its own film festival is not thinking of marginalization from the larger heterosexual population. The festival is an opportunity to explore complex issues," explained Wright. "With heterosexual audiences there is always a concern for how their perceptions and stereotypes affect their reading of a film. Having an audience of lesbians watching films by other lesbians is pretty empowering."

Another spin on this type of criticism from those outside of the community dismisses queer cinema as altogether irrelevant. This perspective may in part explain why, despite high attendance and sound fiscal management, the festival has yet to receive a grant.

"The festival works in the red until the festival is underway. All the money is raised through ticket sales," said Dilio. The operational budget for the 10 day festival is a frugal \$80,000, a sum which incorporates everything from the rental and shipment of the films, to faxing, and printing tickets.

"DGLQ gave a report to the human rights commission that in all its years of operation, Image et Nation has never received a government grant," said Wright whom is a Diffusions Board member. "The answer is always that there were too many film festivals in Montreal already."

Despite the negative responses, fundraising events and box office receipts which fuel the festival have enabled Image et Nation to expand programming from

year to year. "One difference this year is an increase in francophone content to reflect Montreal," said Wright.

The separate programming committees also made an attempt to have gender parity in the number of works presented. According to Wright there are only 3 more works by men but programmers noticed other differences between the men's and women's programmes. "There are more videos by women, more features by men," noted Wright.

"With the amount of film being produced (by men), we had more to choose from but we tried to keep it even," said Dilio who added that compared with past years, there are more features on the whole than there used to be.

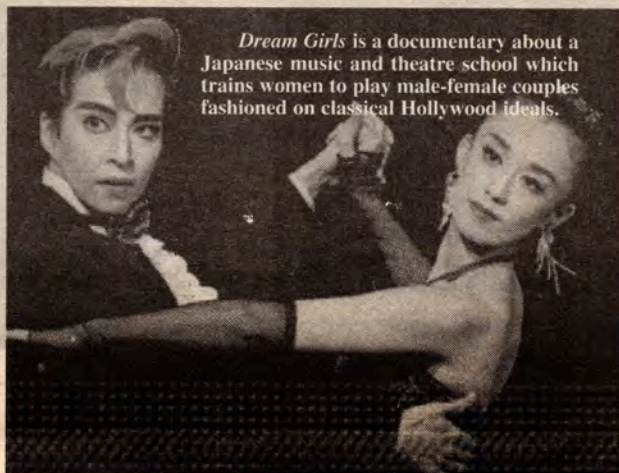
The disparity is a question of resources and economics. Lesbians, like most women in the

Other Picks in this year's line-up:

Body of Dissent: Lesbian and Gay Mennonites and Brethren Continue the Journey - dir. by Cate Friesen, Greg Licht, Holly Nattall, Gordon Bowness. The Canadian documentary examines the difficulties of gay and lesbian Mennonites committed to their religion while challenging the homophobia within the church. According to festival programmers: a real pleasant surprise. Goethe, Nov. 19, 13h00. **Confessions of a Pretty Lady** - dir. by Kris Clarke. Step into the parlor of everyone's favourite prime time dyke Sandra Bernhard. UQAM, Nov. 19, 19h00. **Grief** - dir. by Richard Glatzer

Another highly publicized and anticipated light-hearted feature. Winner of the **Best Picture audience award** at the 1993 Gay and Lesbian Film Festival. UQAM, Nov. 19, 21h00. **Outlaw** - dir. by Alisa Lebow. A portrait of Leslie Feinberg, author of the gripping novel Stone Butch Blues talks about her life as a transgendered person. ONF, Nov. 20, 21h00. **Uh-Oh!** - dir. by Julie Zando. A funny refashioning of Pauline Reage's sadomasochistic classic The Story of O. Goethe, Nov. 23, 21h00. **Punkilings** - a series of films and videos about punk dyke subculture. WEGA, Nov. 25, 19h00. **Swordman 2** - dir. by Ching Sui Tung. Asia Fong the Invincible of the East in Red is back! Kung-fu, cross-gender transformation battle-royale. The lead character in the film has spawned a cult following and has influenced a whole industry of women playing men's roles. Chinese and English subtitles. **Super 8 1/2** - dir. by Bruce La Bruce. The long-awaited feature from the Toronto director famous for campy characters. La Bruce plays a washed-up porno star discovered by Google, the underground avant-garde filmmaker ready to exploit our poor strung-out hero. UQAM, Nov. 18., 19h00.

Dream Girls is a documentary about a Japanese music and theatre school which trains women to play male-female couples fashioned on classical Hollywood ideals.



continued on p 12

BACKSHELF SCAVENGE

by Michael Will

video

This column's focus is the cinematically insignificant: those straight-to-video releases deemed neither commercial nor arty enough for big screen distribution. These are the direct descendants of the '50s, '60s and '70s drive-in fare; low budget independents and studio rejects now championed by cult film enthusiasts, but shunned by the popular press of their day. By no means will the coverage be extensive, as much of what's available defies all but the most indiscriminate viewing, with packaging that trumpets mediocrity and derivativeness. As for the quality of what is discussed, this is trash, plain and simple. The only criteria that really matters is enjoyability and unusualness.

Fans of the Argento-stylish Euro-horror should check out Rudolph Van Den Berg's *The Johnsons* (1993).

Made in Amsterdam and atrociously dubbed (which is preferable to reading a film like this), it falls into that moldy Omen genre of the demonically possessed ushering in the apocalypse, but is otherwise pretty unique. The title fiends are truly the stuff nightmares are made of: hulking, mute, psychopathic skinhead septuplets who massacre their way out of a high-security nuthouse with the intention of group-impregnating their teenage sister, who just happens to be camping in a nearby swamp. Unfortunately, everything's over-explained with a lot of occult-y claptrap (something to do with conceiving a pagan version of the Antichrist), then all's but ruined by a stupid industrial light-show of a finale (producer's embellishment, I should't doubt), but flashy photography, breathless pacing, and sustained sequences of sheer terror make an excellent sum of parts over the whole. There's no real terror in



Ousami Rawi's *The Housekeeper* (1986), though with his deadwoody hallucination sequences, Rawi may have figured he was making the next *Repulsion*. His Deneuve is veteran character star Rita Tushingham, superb as a Cockney sociopath who goes to work as a foreign domestic in a middleclass Ontario household. Her dread secret is that she's dysleptic, which she goes to insane and disastrous lengths to conceal from her employers (as bland a batch of idealized WASP liberals as you'll ever find yourself rooting against). Tensions mount (only the Donna Reed-like do-gooder mother refuses to fire her) and escalate into all-out class warfare when Rita falls in with fellow misfit Jackie Burroughs, a local ex-prostitute turned religious nut, whose unsavoury influence brings things to a bloody climax. Burroughs is a national acting treasure who's spruced up many the Canadian horror cheapie with gag cameos, waltzing into this one and changes the entire mood from dour psycho-babble to raucous black comedy. She throws herself into this tundra trash rôle (which suspiciously looks like a Margot Kidder parody) with ferocious abandon, flouncing about in the ugliest '70s teenybopper fashion mistakes and

antagonizing everyone in sight with child-like glee, misquoting the Bible in one breath and in the next, spewing some of the filthiest obscenities in cinematic history. She holds you spell-



bound, wondering how much more delightfully obnoxious she can possibly get. Forget her award-winning work in *A Winter's Tan*; this is the essential Burroughs showcase. Both of these films can be found at most Movieland and Video Esprit outlets.

Art and War cont from p. 10

their artistic interpretations. Existential questions, regarding life and death, frequently challenge various artists. In trying to comprehend the absurdity of warfare, the cultural milieu may encounter a sense of helplessness and utter confusion. Furthermore, numerous artists struggle with the concept of nationhood, as even they are not immune to politics. Many have become politicised, by either supporting or defying the current regime.

Other artists do not involve themselves politically, but their work is still greatly influenced by the war. It permeates every aspect of daily life, and is very difficult to ignore. In Serbia, for example, there are 700,000 refugees, who constantly serve as a reminder of the human tragedy. The war inevitably alters the artist's style and/or choice of subject matter.

Although all are affected, each Yugoslav artist reacts differently to the bloodshed. Some are unable to create, while others are inspired by the war. Remaining apolitical is one choice prolific artists make. Others become politicised, by either fostering nationalistic tendencies or involving themselves in the peace movement. Individuals pursuing artistic objectives will encounter many obstacles. Numerous factors, prompted by the war, have modified the way in which art is produced. Communication between artists, belonging to the

different Yugoslavian republics, has dramatically decreased. The war has also limited the availability of art supplies and technical material necessary for art production.

The economic sanctions against Serbia - introduced two and a half years ago - have only worsened an already disastrous situation. Despite the partial lifting of sanctions in October 1994, the situation remains unchanged at the moment. A shortage of priority items such as medical supplies, fuel and food, makes the availability of art supplies even more difficult. The sanctions also physically hinder contact with artists, galleries, and museums in other countries. Cut off from the international art world, culture in Serbia is metamorphosing and questioning its role in society.

Besides the obvious hardships brought on by war, Serbian artists have an additional burden. Perceived as belonging to the "aggressor" nation, these artists are usually denied financial aid from abroad. Even more devastating is the apparent lack of moral-support, emanating from the world's cultural communities. Feeling isolated and alone, Serbia's artists receive little attention within international art circles, especially here in North America.

Many artists are presently working in Yugoslavia, desperately trying to comprehend their country's devastation. When examined from the angle of cultural tendencies, a different perspective on the theme of war is possible.

Artistic works can convey a more lasting impression than history books or news reports. Today we remember Guernica, primarily because Picasso immortalised the town on a roll of canvas. Fifty years from now, will we remember the countless news

stories concerning Bosnia, or will we focus on art inspired by the war? Some of these artistic works have already been created, and others are yet to be realised.

Marina Gavanski has never stopped thinking about painting, and realises future works will be strongly influenced by the war. After two and a half years, she is finally beginning to come to terms with the Bosnian conflict. She is still unable to paint, but has recently started searching for studio space, and has also drawn several preliminary sketches. Despite the numerous preparations, the artist maintains that "the paintings in my head are not ready to come out yet." Marina's emotions have accumulated over the past several years, and will serve as an inspiration for a long time to come.

Alexandra Popadic and Daniella Jovanovic are planning to film a documentary on the relationship between art and war in Yugoslavia.



Queer flicks

Film cont. from p. 11

feature filmmaking community are competing in what still is largely a male monopoly. However certain gains are apparent in this year's program.

"There's a big difference between making a 15 minute and a 50 minute work," said festival programmer and longtime volunteer Anne Golden. "Yet this year, there are an outstanding 12 works by women that are near-features, and I don't mean this in a derogatory way! Women are pushing to get access."

In terms of characterization, lesbians have not been represented in realistic terms. Although interesting gay characters are making some headway on Hollywood's big screen and has elevated the careers of some high powered actors such as Tom Hanks in his

Oscar winning performance in *Philadelphia* and *Fresh Prince's* Will Smith in *Six Degrees of Separation*, Hollywood's lesbian characters have some mileage to cover between Rose Troche's dyke friends and the ice-picking Catherine of *Basic Instinct* or the stock tragic lesbians of Hollywood past.

One such film, *That Tender Touch*, a 1969 film by Russel Vincent featured in the festival catalogue contains a "tragic ending" warning to viewers.

"I would have problems if this film was shown out-

side the context, for instance, of a lesbian and gay festival. But it gives us an idea of how we were once portrayed," said Golden who recommends the film as a must-see. "It's a hysterically funny, campy film that can be transformed into a real cult appreciation; the portrayal of the lesbian is so stereotypical, you just have to laugh."

Festival organizers are hoping their audience base will continue to grow along with the festival. With an incredible collection of daring videos, touching portraits, gay male classics and art house films this should be a modest goal. "We're hoping to reach a broader audience, to show that we're making great films," said Dilio.

The festival kicks off with two opening night screenings on Thursday, Nov. 17: *Go Fish* - The debut feature by writer/director Rose Troche and co-writer Guinevere Turner that has intrigued everyone from mainstream mag *Newsweek* to dyke filmgoers. The funny story of love, gossip, and relationships in the '90s. *Cinema de Paris*, 19h30. *Les Roseaux Sauvages* - The Canadian premiere of the French drama directed by André Techiné. During the tumultuous events of '62 as France releases its colonial control over Algeria, Henri, Serge and Francois come of age. While struggling with their ideas of manhood, one discovers his feelings for other men. *Le Parisien*, 19h00.

Image et Nation runs from November 17th to the 27th. For more information about the festival, call 285-4510.

THE MYTH OF THE SEA MONKEY

by Derek Beckles

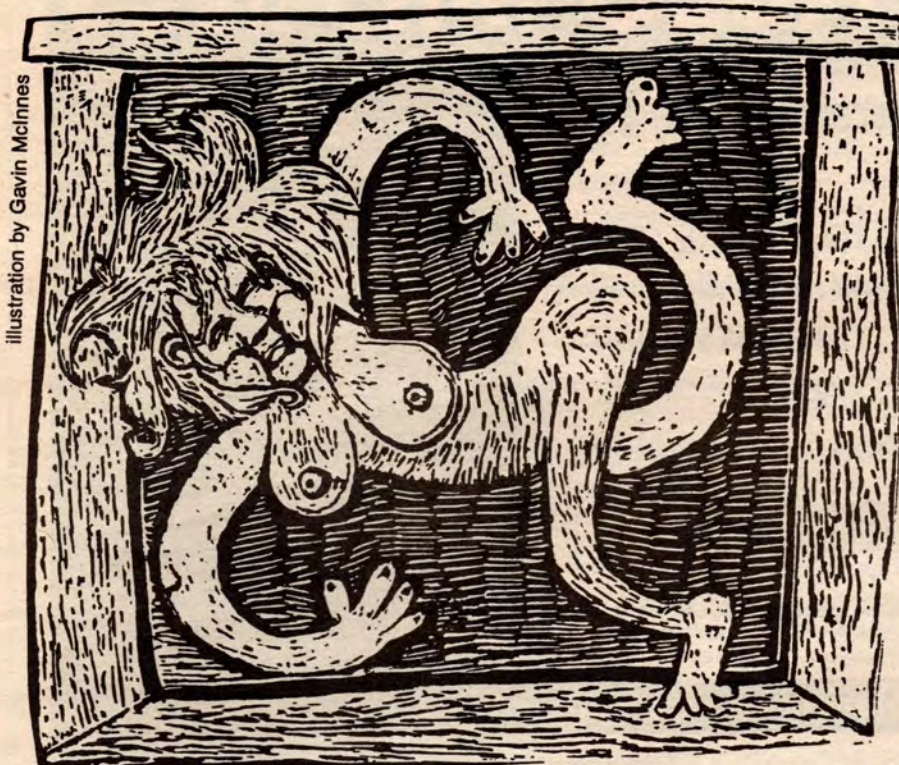


Illustration by Gavin McInnes

If you turn the pages of certain publications you will notice an advertisement depicting a family of happy ocean floor inhabitants. A father, his trophy sea wife and their children who will one day grow to be as beautiful and famous as their parents. After further investigation you learn that they are referred to as Sea Monkeys. Upon actually ordering them you find out that they are tiny shrimp that who are neither smiling nor look as though they have a lust for life. Learning this was perhaps your first intimate meeting with reality. But there are others.

How about tanks of nude flesh surrounding you as you sip on your martini and adjust your ascot. A world where humans lovingly swim and frolic in the nude. A world where no one cons children into believing that tiny shitty shrimp are actually smiling career oriented visionaries of the sea world. Peace at last. This isn't exactly what is promised at Nick's Palace Aquarium de Sexe Salon but it is what people want to

buy. It is adult entertainment for true connoisseurs.

After all, these women are in aquariums which finally brings an element of class to a sometimes very sleazy and questionable art form. What Nick's Palace does provide is a dark cavernous quality accentuated with many palatial mirrors. There are tuxedoed doormen on the premises who upon accepting a gratuity are only too happy to seat you. The female waiting staff are present and take delight in serving you beer while looming above are seven foot penises receiving fellatio or one of many other "erotic" scenarios in vibrant colour on the big screen T.V...

The sound system seems key to this particular form of entertainment so if it's possible take a listen. Nick's provides a refreshing bass heavy deafening approach to music accompanying the exotic dance art-form. Everything from AC/DC to Bel Biv de Voe will chaperone you through this fraudulent experience.

The main attraction of the

water follies occurs every hour in the large murky aquarium. It is during this time between the featured shows that several other princesses undulate for your pleasure, while customers use the Palace as a forum to share their wide variety of frustrations.

It was during this time I was called "nigger" by a fist clenched, fifty something Québécois gentleman. It took only twenty minutes for it to be dealt with by the laughing staff. Perhaps I should have taken solace in a lap dance which consists of a young lady grinding on

your lap. Unfortunately some customers get caught up in the excitement as was noticed when another gentleman was shown the door with his pants undone. The entertainer was visibly shaken but soon laughed it off with the help of her fellow workers.

When it was finally time for the big show the performer in question was no longer sporting the smile she was wearing on stage. She simply frowned as did many of the other dancers after their performances. A romantic ballad slowly floated through the air and the aquarium became illuminated. The young lady climbed to the top of the aquarium and entered it as slowly as the ballad allowed. She twirled and treaded water for the entire agonizing song then climbed back out. A smattering of applause solicited by the D.J. accompanied her exit.

It became obvious that the same principle alive and well with the sea monkeys was being used here. You have to believe in the product so much that then and only then can you convince your-

self that it isn't the shit that it is. If you want a certain stimulation you're going to find it. Does the tank of water really help anyone take their mind off of the depressing realities of strip clubs, assuming these occurrences are even noticed.

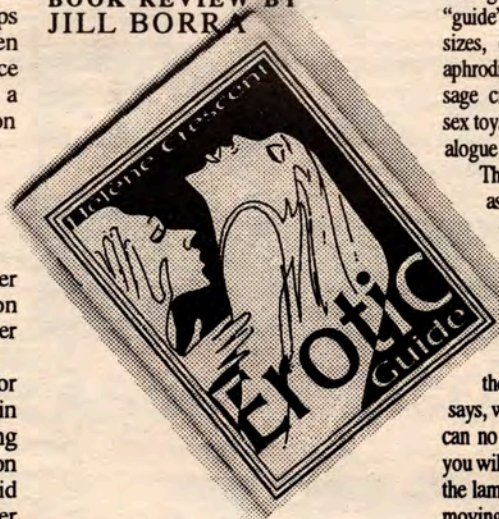
It is a lie. Yet people seem to need tanks of murky water to help

them lie to themselves. The dancers know it's a lie so why hasn't anyone else figured it out? It's just another act dreamed up by another genius who think this is what their clients want or need. Welcome to Pandora's box of culture.

Enjoy the sea monkeys.

erotic city?

EROTIC GUIDE
\$2.95 in bookstores
BOOK REVIEW BY
JILL BORRA



I deas of what is erotic, arousing sexual love and desire, should challenge the imagination with limitless possibilities.

Hélène Créscent, in her *Erotic Guide*, limits the very notion of eroticism by placing it within the framework of straight, married couples, unsatisfied with their sex lives. She defines as erotic things which can be bought to "invigorate the flame that burned at the beginning of your marriage." Apparently eroticism doesn't incorporate love outside of marriage, sex outside of love, or gay sex.

Far from a comprehensive, imaginative guide to erotic sex, Créscent's "guide", which lists different shapes, sizes, colors and types of condoms, aphrodisiacs, body paints, oil and massage creams, lubricants, vibrators and sex toys (and their prices), is really a catalogue of items available in sex shops.

The debate over what defines erotic aside, Créscent's anecdotes portray a woman as passive, submissive, and powerless in sex, and a man as having no concern for his partner's unwillingness to participate in the act. Despite being bored with the ritual of lovemaking, Créscent says, when he insists, "you [the woman] can no longer escape. So, once again, you will contemplate the dust that covers the lamp on the ceiling while he will be moving, mechanically, without passion, until he finds satisfaction!" But don't worry, to avoid having unwanted sex in the future, you can buy a video guide to lovemaking for \$39.99.

While expensive toys and games pander to the whims of the wealthy, Créscent's foreboding about the risks in changing partners and need to act "accordingly" reeks of moralistic overtones (this is not a safe sex guide).

Perhaps if more appropriately titled "A Married Couple's Guide to Sex Toys," this pamphlet would represent what it is and reach an audience who finds it useful.

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Questionnaire
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☐ 24-27 ☐ 27-30 ☐ over 30
 Job Title: _____
☐ Student ☐ Unemployed
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☐ under \$10,000 ☐ \$10,000-15,000 ☐ \$15,000-20,000
☐ \$20,000-25,000 ☐ \$25-30,000 ☐ over \$30,000
☐ over \$40,000
 Does Montreal need a Voice focused culture?
☐ Yes ☐ No Why/Why not? _____

Do you think the cultural diversity of Montreal's youth is reflected proportionally in the media?
☐ Yes ☐ No
☐ Never thought about it ☐ Doesn't matter

Where did you pick up your copy of Voice of Montreal?

Business name: _____ Address _____

Why did you pick up your copy of Voice? _____

Which sections did you enjoy the most?

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Which sections fell short?

- | | | |
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Is there a section or subject you'd like to see included in the next issue?

Should we cease and desist now before it's too late?

- ☐ Yes (What paper do you work for?) _____
☐ No (You're the best thing since old-fashioned, home-made bagels) _____
☐ I don't have opinions _____

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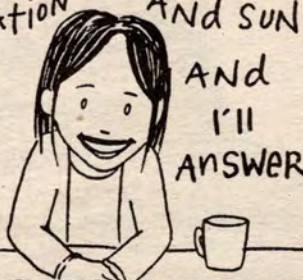
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!!!ing corrections curtesy of Mitch "its not even my 1st language" SZCZERBOWSKI

EVENTS

By C. Bird

FLESH

Branded an exotic-erotic voyeur's ball, **FLESH**, is an evening of fetish and fun for the kinky, the curious, but mostly the daring. Displays and boutiques will feature piercing, branding, tatooing, clairvoyants and psychics, a torch-song drag performance by **BITCH DIVA**, a bullwhip demonstration by Robert Dante, publisher/editor of S&M Magazine, "Boudoir Noir!!", D.J's **Mark Anthony**, **Ave Mario** and Vancouver's **Mick Shea**, and to top it off, a show of the latest in leather, lace and rubber from Il Bolero. Add lasers and projections and you have what Producer Stephan Crowley calls a "multimedia interactive celebration of subculture".

Fri, Nov 25, 10 p.m., Metropolis, 59 St-Catherine E. The Flesh Line: 990-7735.

ON THE DOWN LOW

The newly decorated lounge at Purple Haze is open on Sundays with live music, acid-jazz, and a new theme each week. D.J's **CHOICE** of **Zero Tolerance** and **STORM** from **Shades of Culture** declare the space officially open.

ON THE DOWN LOW
Sun, Nov 20
3699 St-Laurent

DIVIDED WE STAND

Playwright Pan Bouyoucas links a series of skits about the immigrant experience to form a comedy about hyphenated-Canadians. Watch the children of immigrants go toe-to-toe, battling the assumptions and expectations of their parents. Harry Standjofski directs a cast of eight in this production based on the personal experiences of the actors. **Teesri Duniya** launches it's season with promise in this, the revamped version of the 1989, "From Main to Mainstreet".

Divided We Stand runs Nov 23 - Dec 11 at the Strathearn Centre, 848-0238

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